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"Her" Ballot.

It is an almost forgotten fact that the first Constitution of New Jersey, adopted in 1776, provided explicitly for woman suffrage. "All inhabitants of this Colony, of full age, who are worth fifty pounds proclamation money, clear estate in the same, and have resided within the county in which they claim a vote for twelve months immediately preceding the election, shall be entitled to vote for Representatives in Council and Assembly and also for all other public officers that shall be elected by the people of the county at large."

That this was no string-tied grant of the ballot, that "all inhabitants" meant all inhabitants and not merely all male inhabitants otherwise qualified, is proved by the equally forgotten fact that under the foregoing constitutional warrant the New Jersey Legislature passed an act regulating elections and actually containing these memorable words: "Every voter shall openly and in full view, deposit his or her ballot, which shall be a single written ticket containing the names of the persons for whom he or she votes."

This election law with "his or her" and "he and she" in it lived for fourteen years. It was repealed in 1807.

The right then recognized lay dormant for sixty-two years until the Territory of Wyoming, in 1890, gave the ballot to women. Other States followed. Last night by a most interesting and impressive demonstration in this town the advocates of "her ballot" celebrated its extension on Tuesday to four more States of the Union, making ten in all.

The women are marching on. There was somewhere in that mysterious space bounded by four dimensions another procession headed by the exultant shades of LUCRETIA MOTT, ELIZABETH CADY STANTON and SUSAN BROWNELL ANTHONY, who faced ridicule for so many years and labored with such womanly courage for the New Jersey idea of 1776?

The Inadequacy of the Scorpion.

May the armored cruisers Tennessee and Montana, which have been ordered to Constantinople, arrive in time to be a protection and a refuge to American citizens? It is a consolation to know that in the interval of eighteen days before our cruisers drop anchor off the city, British warships, and German and French for that matter, will look after American interests. The yacht Scorpion, which flies the Stars and Stripes in the harbor as an embassy symbol, would be of little use in any emergency. Nowhere in the Mediterranean is there an American warship. There is an Asiatic fleet of three cruisers, gunboats, destroyers and submarines, but no European fleet. The policy of keeping American warships of any kind in the Mediterranean seems to have been abandoned.

Mr. ROOSEVELT when he was President sent a powerful fleet around the world to impress the nations with the naval might of the United States, but since that spectacular performance our flag has rarely been seen in the Mediterranean; it has certainly not been the practice to station a squadron in those waters. Before the Spanish war the United States was represented.

All the great battleships are attached to the Atlantic fleet at home, and there are ships to spare for duty off Mexico, Nicaragua, and Santo Domingo. On the Nicaraguan coast there is even now a rather formidable display of sea power for the purpose in view. The Pacific fleet is strong in cruisers and destroyers. The Asiatic fleet is much weaker, but makes a respectable appearance, considering the demands on it. Is it sound policy to limit naval representation of the United States in European waters to the "Scorpion," Lieutenant-Commander FRANK B. URBAN, at Constantinople? Surely at this time it would be a satisfaction to know that a squadron of modern cruisers was within call in the Mediterranean to share the responsibilities of the great European Powers in the critical situation of the Near East.

Anti-Typhoid Vaccination.

In answer to numerous inquiries regarding the true status of vaccination for immunity from typhoid infection it may be stated that the highest authorities, after thousands of inoculations in military and civil practice, are convinced of the reality of this immunizing procedure. The army which was mobilized on the Mexican frontier was practically protected in this manner. It is true that the lessons so dearly bought in the camps during the Cuban war mobilization were applied in these maneuvers, but Surgeon RUSSELL of the army declares that anti-typhoid vaccination was the principal cause of immunity. He feels confident that it confers almost

complete immunity against infection and lasts surely two and a half years and perhaps longer. The procedure rarely produces discomfort, pain and still more rarely a febrile reaction.

In civil practice we may take the attendants in the Massachusetts General Hospital and the nurses and other exposed persons in twenty-three other hospitals as an example. Dr. L. H. SPOONER reports in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* that while in debilitated patients the reaction may be severe it is usually mild. Among 1,381 nurses, who are eight times more liable to the disease than others, only two cases developed. No permanent untoward effects have arisen from over 5,000 injections. The anti-typhoid vaccination has established its efficiency in two epidemics.

To the person who is anxious to be protected against this too prevalent disease the lesson from these reliable observations is that whenever one feels that ordinary care of the hands cannot be exercised one would be safer after the vaccination if engaged in caring for a case of typhoid fever. Lay people do not appear to realize that this vaccination differs absolutely from vaccination against smallpox in several respects. In smallpox the immunity acquired by vaccination in infancy lasts until adult life, while immunity from typhoid vaccination lasts only two and a half years. It would therefore be unwise to resort to the latter unless one is exposed to direct infection.

For this reason it is well for a nurse in attendance on typhoid patients during the two and a half year period to be protected by vaccination. It should be borne in mind that when she does this she pleads guilty to lack of confidence in her vigilance against contact with infecting materials which an anti-septic washing with a nail brush prevents more surely than vaccination. While in a smallpox epidemic it is a wise precaution to vaccinate even those who are not in direct contact, this is unnecessary in typhoid fever epidemics, except for those who are in direct contact. The typhoid poison cannot infect unless it is swallowed; hence it should be easy to avoid it even if exposed to contact.

We Report a Moving Picture Show.

It is cheering to the philosopher to remark how the showmen of the "mechanical reproductions" are at length forced back upon the masterpieces. It is so with the phonograph. Popular songs of the music hall kind and operatic records by the singers most in vogue, at the price of a seat in the parquet of the Metropolitan Opera House, no doubt continue to constitute the staple of the phonographic or graphophone output, the burden of its song. But still the connoisseur can select and collect a worthy representation at least of the "great little things" in music, can hear reproduced by his private "disk machine" the still small voices that persist through the hungry generations. The choice is limited and enforced. In vocal or instrumental "records" it is shut up to little lyrics, to what may be compressed, without too manifest mutilation, within five minutes of time. It is true that one keeps hearing that the wizard of Menlo Park is on the verge of perfecting a machine with all the various and modern improvements in reproduction that has a warranty of endurance for seven minutes and a half; but then, one has been hearing that so long! Meanwhile the patient connoisseur rejoices to find how many good things he can acquire within the permitted limit of duration; how he may be "prodigal within the circumference of a guinea."

As with the phonograph, even so with the cinematograph. The staple of cinematographic reproductions no more impresses the connoisseur than the staple of phonographic reproductions. He finds that the vaudevilles and the melodramas of the moving picture shows move him not. The cowboy dramas pull upon his sense, and the reproduced tragedies of Whitechapel leave him cold. He wearily recalls his GOETHE: "The rude man is satisfied to see something going on." But there is encouragement in the evidence that the rude man is not so completely satisfied. He also is wearied with the unbroken round of actualities and cheap melodramas. In a certain suburb of this town there have been exhibited picture dramatizations of three masterpieces of English fiction which purport, in the immortal words of BARNUM, applied to his factitious gorilla, to "amuse and instruct." The first was "Martin Chuzzlewit." The second was "The Tale of Two Cities," which was attended by deputations from the pupils of the public schools in a body. The third was "Vanity Fair."

Without question this was the most temerarious attempt of the three. There are half a dozen available comical tableaux in "Chuzzlewit," even without the great culminating tableau in which old CHUZZLEWIT knocks down PECKSNIFF with the knobby stick, and more satisfactorily grisly melodrama in JONAS's adventures before and after the murder of TIGG. There are tableaux in the "Two Cities" apart from the final tableau of CARTON in the tumbrel. But what is there in THACKERAY, you ask, to tempt the cinematographer? "Moving accidents," by flood or field, are not his trade. Almost are you tempted to travesty the Bab ballad:

"We do not think we ever knew
A man so little given to
Creating a sensation;
Or, p'raps, we should in justice say,
To what, in an Adelphi play,
Is known as 'situation.'"

And if THACKERAY at all, why "Vanity Fair," when it is reduced to the mere bones of the scenes? A much more effective "scenario" could be made, you would say, of "Emond," where the culminating scene of the hero's breaking his sword and burning his credentials is, according to STEVENSON, "pure DUMAS." But "Vanity Fair"? As soon think of making a scenario of "Pendennis" and much sooner of "Philip." What is left of THACKERAY in general, and of "Vanity Fair" in particular, you ask, when you have

broken his wand and taken away his enchantment, the verbal magic of his style? Where be his gibes now, his gambols, his flashes of merriment? Alas, poor THACKERAY!

To your astonishment it turns out otherwise. Behind the drapery and the fleshly investiture there is a well articulated skeleton. Really, "the play's the thing." The dumb show is not "inexplicable," at least not to you who know the story. How it may be to your neighbors of the Levantine, Semitic, Slavonic, even Afro-American, of course you do not know; but they seem to like it. As for your cultivated self, it is an excellent lesson in dramatic if not in literary criticism to see how much of your THACKERAY survives with the "literature" you have accustomed yourself to recognize as his peculiar and distinctive charm all cut out of him.

Our compliments to the adapter, whose name does not appear upon the programme which duly celebrates all the actors and actresses. He has stuck faithfully by his scenario, on the whole. There is a gruesome and impressive tableau, for which the novel gives only a casual hint, of DOBBIN searching for GEORGE OSBORNE's body on the night of Waterloo; but this dramatic license you will easily pardon. It is not so pardonable to represent poor BECKY, even in the squalid finish of the German tavern, as a hopeless drunkard. This is as gross an exaggeration as the cabled report of MARK TWAIN's death. Neither is it permissible to ignore DOBBIN's ugliness and shyness and lankiness by getting a personable and self-possessed actor to impersonate him. RAWDON CRAWLEY's mustache looks like an anachronism in the Waterloo time, but there is warrant for it in THACKERAY's own drawing of him. There can be no warrant for PITT CRAWLEY's, though; for does not RAWDON demand concerning JOSEPH SEDLEY what the devil a civilian is doing with a mustache?

But these are trifles. The main point is that there is stuff in "Vanity Fair" for a drama, seeing that as a story told in dumb show it moves. Also it is distinctly a well played play, done by actors and actresses who really seem to have had some consciousness of what they are doing drilled into them, who show in their pantomime an intelligence almost human, who "can do everything but talk." The effect upon the spectators who know THACKERAY is to set them to reading the book again. One may hope that the effect upon the spectators who don't know THACKERAY may be to send them to the book, even for the first time. Such a presentation greatly enlarges your appreciation of the possibilities of the cinematograph.

The Jihad.

As a circumstance in the final tragedy of Turkish collapse in Europe the proclamation by the Sheikh-ul-Islam to the ulemas of the holy war adds a final detail. Will this command to slay the infidel which has carried the Turk to the walls of Vienna and the Arab to the valley of the Loire now add to the tenacity with which the betrayed and hopeless Ottoman is fighting in his last ditch? Perhaps the Osmanli could ask for nothing better than the inspiration of the preaching of the ulemas, the fanatical stirring of the Jihad, to give a dignity and a grandeur to his final fight that all the miserable defeats of this war have lacked. Certainly the rewards which the Mohammedan law holds out for those who die in the Jihad will be deservedly the share of the Osmanli if he can now make one more stand.

But there is another and even more serious side to the Jihad. Not merely will the muezzin proclaim it from the walls and minarets of Constantinople, but it will be taken up and carried to the uttermost bounds of the Mohammedan world, to the Pacific and the western boundaries of Africa. France, England, Russia, all the great Powers whose empires include Mohammedan subjects, will feel in some measure the effects of this call to the faithful. And whatever its remote effect may be the proclamation of the Jihad will bring new peril to thousands of Christians in Constantinople and throughout.

Pity the Art Patron.

At the risk of appearing stony hearted we must confess that the piteous cry of the millionaire who has purchased works of art in Europe and got stung in the process fails to move us to compassion. Just lately the cry of the art patron has been rather loud in the land. A lawsuit in England has revealed how those who trade in old masters may get together for the express purpose of making a raid on the pocket of the guileless American millionaire, and among those who have to use a mild expression, paid fancy prices for works of art is a former United States Senator.

Doubtless it is very wrong and unscrupulous of these foreign dealers to take advantage of innocence abroad, and we can quite understand the chagrin of returned travellers who find themselves the possessors of old masters at about double the price those ancient worthies would command in the open market. At the same time in almost every case nobody is to blame but the traveller himself. A man who has made a sufficient fortune to be able to indulge an expensive hobby is presumably not entirely innocent of the ethics of trading and the ways of this wicked world. There may even have been occasions in his life when he has driven a hard bargain himself; at least he is aware of the human tendency which prompts a man to having something to sell to get the best price that he can for the article.

In his own line of business the wealthy American is very well able to look after himself. He understands the market and knows whether a bargain that is proposed to him is a fair one or not. But when he aspires to become a patron of high art he is making an excursion into a field of business with which he is unfamiliar. If he is genuinely a connoisseur, then he can meet those from whom he purchases on equal terms, he

backs his knowledge against the other man's and it is a fair fight. But usually he is very far from being a connoisseur, and in attempting to buy works of art from private persons or private dealers he is simply delivering himself into the hands of the Philistines. He has about as much chance of securing a bargain as has a man who buys an automobile because he likes the color it is painted.

The only safe way for him to purchase works of art is to go to one of the recognized dealers of established reputation. There he may receive a genuine article and be charged a fair price for it, but the reasonable profit which the dealer reckons to make out of the transaction. If the travelling American prefers to trust to his own wit in making his purchases, with a vague idea of eliminating the middleman, he has only himself to thank when he gets stung.

Introducing an Old Friend.

Figures of the popular vote and the electoral vote do very well to amuse or bore for a few days. The winners can hardly need to be reminded of certain other figures which are buzzing in the head of about everybody not in the purple and fine linen stage.

Bills, bills, bills; and bigger bills! The price of chops is nearer the hearts of millions than all the chatter of politicians. All of us who have been through more than one Presidential election know that every four years the death knell of privilege is sounded, et cetera, in quantities to suit. We don't mean that Congress or Administrations have much to do, no matter how much they have to say, about the cost of living; we merely set the skeleton up for the politicians to look at.

I am not for the kind of Senators that mother used to make. Representative AUGUSTUS FREEDY (GARDNER of Massachusetts).

Thus the son-in-law terrible of the Hon. HENRY CABOT LODGE. It sounds derogatory to that gentleman, who is plainly not Progressive enough to suit AUGUSTUS. The young man's candidate for the vacancy is ex-Governor CURTIS GUILD, now Ambassador to St. Petersburg. GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR was the kind of Senator that mother used to make. Mr. GUILD is scarcely as learned, eloquent, courageous and independent as the Grand Old Man of Worcester was.

It is difficult to deny the gift of prophecy to the ancients who gave to Durazzo the name of Epidaurum.

"Bears, like the Turk, no bryan near the throne." That is not quite what POPE said, but it is exactly what he meant.

The mistake of our old neighbor the Hon. HERMAN RITTER, as we understand it, lay in spending too much of his own money on his campaign. Always a mistake, the practice is now properly a misdemeanor.

To judge from the election returns the Hon. WILLIAM BARNES, Jr., is also entitled to demand an autonomous Albania.

WILSON has 15,000 cheering messages. Plainly a misprint for 15,000,000. A beggary 15,000 would hardly cover the list of Cabinet eligibles.

BOSTON AROUSED.

Dr. HUTCHINSON Catches It for Stirring Baked Beans as a Food.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: I think that you were altogether too easy with Dr. Woods Hutchinson in your discussion of his attitude toward our famous vegetable, the Boston bean. That fellow is getting too gay in a general way, but when he turns up his nose in scorn at the pet pabulum of a city that is noted for its physical fitness and its intellectual superiority he brings the weight of his boredom to bear upon a community that has long looked upon his post with amusement.

His mania for the otherwise has led him into such extremes that he has become infamously tiresome. When he started out to write he occupied himself with the explosion of some common fallacies, and the more widely the fallacies were spread, the more widely he delighted in upstating them. Noting that many of them were almost universally accepted as truths he soon fell into the fallacy himself that whatever was most generally believed must therefore be true.

Beginning as an enemy of fallacy he became its victim. Now he is running amok in the field of fact with the same mental attitude that he applied to the field of fancy. With a reverse visional twist he takes the point of view that what is most of us, for example, think that it is most widely the fact that beans are pleasant to eat. Dr. Woods Hutchinson holds up a cat as proof that we don't know what we are talking about when we say that the world is a busy about what they give to their children to eat. The doctor shares his head and says: "All right, but if you think that children should be allowed to eat what they like, they should even be allowed to indulge their taste for putrid, buttonholed, and what not. And if you look askance at his notion he shows you a specimen goat's stomach which looks like a junk pile."

Pope said that everything that is right, but since he threatened the Stars and Stripes, Dr. Hutchinson, if you quoted to him the quotation from Omar Khayyam on the fore he falls into the same error as we would tell you that Omar did not know as much as a pile of shoes. A jug of diarrhetic water, a new of Lascaris, these are the prerequisites of true political parady.

Have been expecting him to seize upon the Lord's Prayer and discuss that part of it in which we petition the Almighty for our daily bread. I can almost hear him say, "Huh! Listen to these ignoramuses, begging God to send them bread, when they ought to be asking him for nuts and fruit."

Once there was a man like the doctor, he wanted to be different from everybody else. By his contrivances he became a pest and he ended up, "Ay, in his passion to be different he cut off his nose and put it on again upside down. And he was very well satisfied with himself until one day he went out in a rainstorm and got drowned."

H. A. HIGGINS.

Where Pure Bostonness Breaks Down.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: The "Pretentious Car" sign on the Boston trolley car is an example of pure Bostonness, straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. The stranger asks: "When do I pay, and where?" "Oh," replies the Bostonian, "pay as you enter."

BROOKLYN, November 9.

Well Balanced.

She weighs exactly thirteen stone. She's very wealthy. And she's a little overblown. But merely healthy.

Yet it is quite beyond debate. Though curious, that Her cook—just thirteen stone in weight—is very fat.

GEORGE B. MOREWOOD.

The New Nod.

I marched in last night's parade And to my feelings gave vent. For though I'm a man, not a maid, I am a sufferer.

L. T. E.

WHAT DID IT?

The Annihilator.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: You say the absolute truth in your editorial article of this morning entitled "The Annihilator." I wish I knew the names and addresses of the 2,000 Bull Moose in Albany. If I did I would have your editorial article printed in pamphlet form and send such a copy to each of their eyes.

Our neighbor Mr. Callahan, editor of the Schenectady Union-Star and postmaster of that city, while stamping this county for Taft told a story prophetic of what would happen. The story ran: "First animal keeper—What's the matter in the house?"

Second animal keeper—The elephant and bull moose are fighting over their grub. First animal keeper—Then I suppose the damn old jackass will get it all. ALBANY, November 8. H.

Political Mathematics.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Adherents of Taft and of Roosevelt are both grabbing at crumbs of comfort by declaring that Wilson is a minority winner. His achievement cannot, however, be dimmed by any such statement. I submit that the proper way to analyze the result is to find out how many votes voted against any one of the candidates, and if that is done we find that: 10,512,154 rejected Taft. 8,791,933 rejected Roosevelt. 7,589,247 rejected Wilson. NEW YORK, November 9. J. S. A.

The Pivot of Political Struggle.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: In THE SUN of March 12, 1887, there appeared an interview with the Hon. Samuel Jackson Randall, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, taken from the Cincinnati Enquirer, of which the following is an extract:

"The pivot of the political struggle," said Mr. Randall, "is in the State of New York. Yes, I may say in the city of New York. You may draw a plumb line within five miles of City Hall and you will find the pivot of the political struggle, of which the following is an extract: 'The pivot of the political struggle,' said Mr. Randall, 'is in the State of New York. Yes, I may say in the city of New York. You may draw a plumb line within five miles of City Hall and you will find the pivot of the political struggle, of which the following is an extract: 'The pivot of the political struggle,' said Mr. Randall, 'is in the State of New York. Yes, I may say in the city of New York. You may draw a plumb line within five miles of City Hall and you will find the pivot of the political struggle, of which the following is an extract: 'The pivot of the political struggle,' said Mr. Randall, 'is in the State of New York. Yes, I may say in the city of New York. 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